

A F  
Most pleasant

Comedie of *Mucedo-*  
*rus* the Kings Sonne of *Valen-*  
*sia*, and *Amadine* the Kings  
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Monsi*.

Amplified with new Additions, as it was  
acted before the Kings Maiesty,  
at White-hall on Shroue-  
Sunday night.

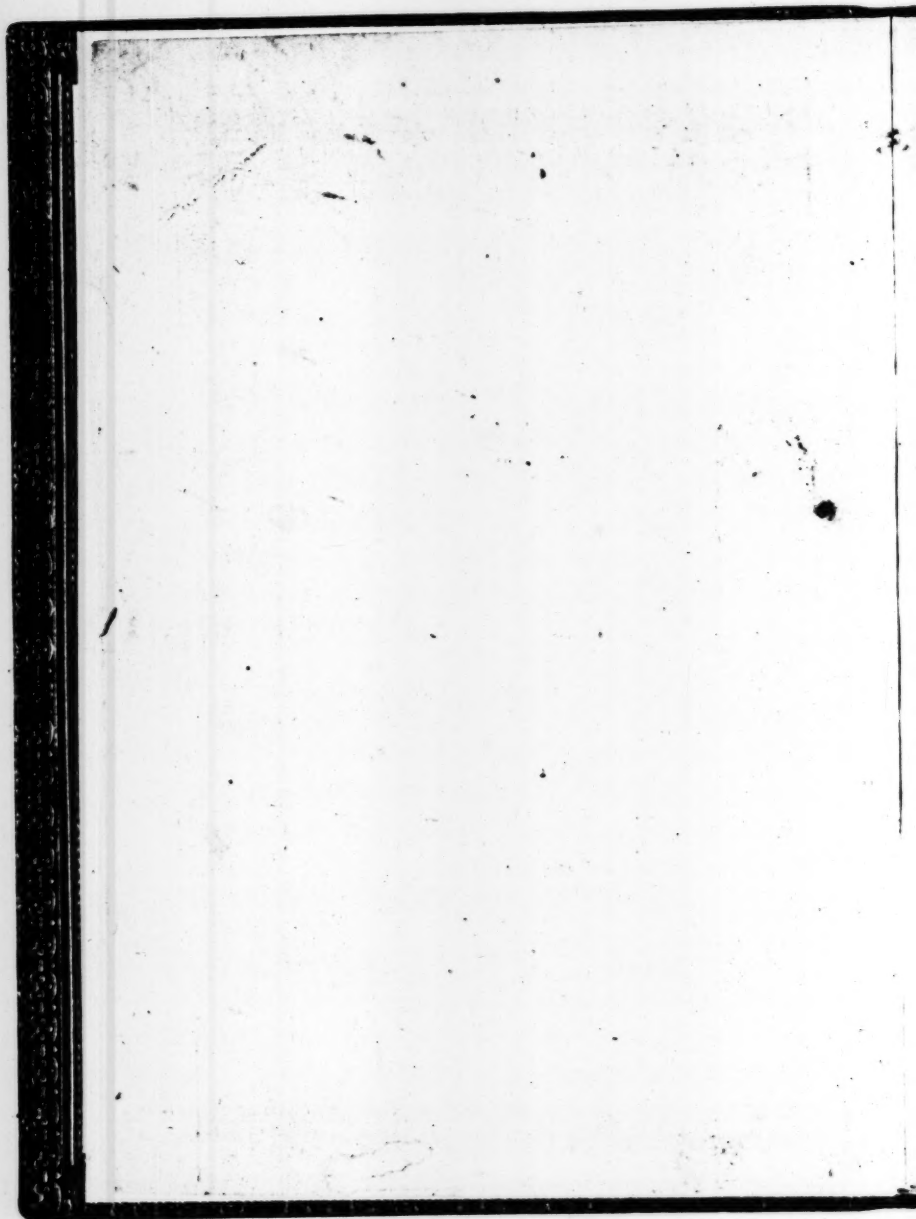
By his Highnesse Seruants, vsually  
playing at the Globe.


Very delectable, and full of con-  
teited Mirth,  
*said to be written by*  
*the best penne.*

Imprinted at London by N.O. for Wil-  
liam Iones, dwelling neere Holborne  
Conduit at the signe of the Gunne.  
1615.

*M  
Most Coming to come die*

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## The Prologue.

**M**OST sacred Maieſty, whoſe great deſerts,  
Thy Subiect *England*; nay, the World admires:  
Which, heauen grant ſtill increaſe; O may your praiſe  
Multipling with your houres, your fame will raiſe:  
Embrace your Counſell: Loue, with Faith them guide,  
That both as one bench, by each others ſide,  
So may your life paſſe on, and run ſo euen;  
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:  
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be  
From blemiſht Traytors, ſtain'd with periurie:  
And as the night's inferiour to the day,  
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.  
Beas the Sunne to Day, the Day to night;  
For, from your beames, *Europe* ſhall borrow light.  
Mirrh drowne your boſome, faire Delight your mind,  
And may our Paſtime, your Contentment find.

*Exit.*

A 2

Tenne



Tenne persons may easily play it.

*The King, and Rombelo.* for one.

*King Valencia.* for one.

*Mucedorus the Prince of Valencia.* for one.

*Anselmo.* for one.

*Amadine the Kings daughter of Aragon.* for one.

*Segasto a Noble-man.* for one.

*Enuy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man.* for one.

*Comedie, a boy, an old woman, Ariena, Amadines maide.* for one.

*Collin a Counsellor, a Messenger.* for one.

*Manse the Crowne.* for one.

A





A most pleasant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings son of *Valencia*, and  
*Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

*Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.*

**V** Ho so; thus do I hope to please:  
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable:  
*Comedie* play thy part and please;  
Make merry them that comes to ioy with thee:  
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make you laugh.

Sound forth *Bellonas* siluer tuned strings,  
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

*Enter Envy his armes naked besmeared with bloud:*

*Env.* Nay stay Minion, there lies a Blocke:  
What, all on Mirth? I'll interrupt your tale,  
And mixe your Musicke with a Tragick end.

*Com.* What monstrous vgly Hagge is this,  
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?  
Vaunt churlish Curre, besmeared with gory bloud,  
That seemst to checke the blossome of Delight,  
And stifle the sound of sweete *Bellonas* breath:  
Blush Monster, blush, and poste away with shame,  
That seekest disturbance of a Goddesse name.

*Env.* Post hence thy selfe, thou counterschecking trull,  
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,  
And gaine the glory of thy wished port:  
I'll thunder Musicke shall appale the Nymphes,  
And make them shiuer their clattering strings,  
Flying for succour to their Danish Caues.

*Sound Drummes within, and cry slab, slab.*

Hearken; thou shalt heare a noyse,  
Shall fill the Aire with a shrilling sound,

*The Comedy*

And thunder Musicke to Gods about:  
Mars shall himselfe breath downe  
A Peerelesse Crowne vpon braue Ennys head,  
And raise his chiual with a lasting fame:  
In this braue Musicke, Enny takes delight,  
Where I may see them wallow in their bloud,  
To spurne at Armes and Legs quite shiuered off,  
And heare the cries of many thousands slaine:  
How lik'st thou this my Trull? chi's sport alone for me.

*Com.* Vaunt bloody curre, nurst vp with Tygers sap.  
That so dost quail a Womans minde;  
*Comedy* is milde, gentle, willing for to please,  
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates:  
Delighting in Mirth, mixt all with louely tales;  
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe.  
Thou bloody, enuious; disdainr of mens ioyes:  
Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems;  
Delights in nothing but in spoyle and death,  
Where thou maist trample in their luke-warme bloud,  
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:  
Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thee not on me,  
A silly woman begs it at thy hands.  
Giue me the leaue to viter out my Play;  
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,  
And mixe not death mongst pleasing Comedies,  
That treats nought else but pleasure and delight:  
If any sparke of humane sents in thee,  
Forbeare, be gone; tender the suite of mee.

*Enn.* Why so I will; forbeare shall be such,  
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,  
And make thee mourne where most thou ioyest,  
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:  
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,  
And drench thy methods in a sea of bloud:  
This will I do: Thus shall I beare with thee.  
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,  
I will with threats of bloud, begin the Play,  
Fauouring thee with Equie and with Hate.

*Com.*

*Of Macedonius.*

*Com.* Then vgly Monster, do thy worst,  
I will defend them in despite of thee;  
And though thou think'st with Tragick fumes  
To prauce my Play vnto my deepe disgrace,  
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst do;  
I'll grace it so thy selfe shall it confesse,  
From Tragick stuffe to be a pleasant Comedy.

*Enu.* Why then Comedy lend thy Actors forth,  
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,  
Making them feare the very dart of death.

*Com.* And Ile defend them mauer all thy spight:  
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time shall serue,  
That we may meete to parley for the best.

*Enu.* Content Comedy, I'll go spread my branch  
And scattered Blossomes from mine enuious Tree,  
Shall proue two Monsters, spoyling of their eyes. *Exit.*

*Sound.*

*Enter Macedonius, and Anselmo his friend.*

*Muc. Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and Friend.  
Whose deere affections bosome with my heart,  
And keepe their domination in one Orbe.

*Anc.* Whence nere disloyalty shall roote it forth;  
But Faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

*Muc.* Much blame were mine, if I should othier deeme,  
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:  
But my *Anselmo*, loath I am to say, I must estrange that friend-  
Misconsture not, 'tis from the Realm: not thee: *(ship,*  
Though Lands parts Bodies, Hearts keepe company:  
Thou know'st that I imparted often haue,  
Priuate relations with my royall Sire  
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,  
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell; whose face *(some say)*  
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay.  
Excelling, not excel'd: yet least Report  
Does mangle Veriey, boasting of what is not,  
Wing'd with Desire; thither I'll straight repaire,  
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

*Anf.* Will you forsake *Valentin* to leaue the Court?

*Absent*

*The Comedy*

Absent you from the eye of Soueraignty,  
Do not sweete Prince, aduenture on that taske,  
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.

*Muc.* Desist dissuasion,  
My resolution brookes no battery,  
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,  
Assist what I intend.

*Ans.* Your misse will breed a blemish in the Court,  
And throw a frosty deaw vpon that Beard,  
Whose front *Valencia* stoopes to.

*Muc.* If thou my welfare tender then no more,  
Let Loues strong Magicke, charme thy triuiall phrase,  
Wasted as vainely, as to gripe the Sunne:  
Augment not then more answeres; locke thy lips,  
Vnlesse thy wisdoms suite me with disguise,  
According to my purpose.

*Ans.* That action craues no counsell,  
Since what you rightly are, will more command,  
Then best vsurped shape.

*Muc.* Thou still art opposite in disposition,  
A more obscure seruile habilament  
Beseemes this enterprife.

*Ans.* Then like a *Florentine* or *Montebancke*.

*Muc.* 'Tis much too tedious, I dislike thy iudgement.  
My minde is grafted en an humbler stocke.

*Ans.* Within my Closet does there hang a Cassocke,  
Though base the weed is, 'twas a Shepheards,  
Which I presented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.

*Muc.* That my *Anselmo*, and none else but that,  
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view;  
That habite suites my miade, fetch me that weed:

*Exit Anselmo.*

Better then Kings, haue not disdain'd that state,  
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.

*Enter Anselmo with a Shepheards Coat.*

So, let our respect command thy secrecy,  
At once a brieue farewell,  
Delay to louers, is a second Hell.

*Exit Mucedorus.*

*Ans.*

*Of Mucedorus.*

*Auf.* Prosperity fore-runne thee; Auckward chance  
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture:  
Content and Fame aduance thee; euer thrive,  
And glory thy mortality suruiue. *Exit.*

*Enter Monse with a Bottle of Hay.*

*Mon.* O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so  
scar'd out of his seuen Senses? A Beare? nay sure it can not be a  
Beare, but some deuill in a Beares Doublet; for a Beare could  
neuer haue had that agility to haue frighted me. Well, I'll see  
my Father hang'd, before I'll serue his Horse any more: Well,  
I'll carry home my Bottle of Hay, & for once, make my fathers  
Horse turne Puritane and obserue Fasting-daies, for he gets not  
a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the  
other Path, and because I'll be sure to haue an eye to him, I will  
take hands with some foolish Creditor, and make every steppe  
backward.

*As he goes backwards, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her,  
and runnes his way, and leanes his bottle of Hay behind him.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Aquadine after him,  
being pursued with a Beare.*

*Seg.* O flie Madame, flie, or else we are but dead.

*Am.* Helpe Segasto, helpe, helpe sweet Segasto; or else I die.

*Segasto runnes away.*

*Seg.* Alasse Madame, there is no way but flight,  
Then hast and saue your selfe.

*Am.* Why then I die: Ah help me in distresse,

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard, with a Sword drawne,  
and a Beares head in his hand.*

*Muc.* Stay Lady, stay, and be no more dismaide,  
Thas cruell Beast, most mercilesse and fell,  
Which hath bereaued thoulands of their liues;  
Affrighted many with his hard pursues.  
Paying from place to place to find his Prey,  
Prolonging thus his life by others death,  
His Carcase now lies headlesse voide of breath.

*Am.* That soule deformed Monster, is he dead?

*Muc.* Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head,

B

Which

*The Comedie*

Which if it please you Lady, to accept,  
With willing heart I yeeld to your Maiestie.

*Am.* Thankes worthy Shepheard, thankes a thousand times,  
This Gift (assurethy selfe) contents me more,  
Then greatest bounry of a mighty Prince;  
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

*Mus.* Most gracious Goddesse, more then mortall wights,  
Your heavenly hue of right, imports no lesse:  
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance,  
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,

Which doth so greatly glad your Princely minde.

*Am.* No Goddesse (Shepheard) but a mortall wight,  
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:

My Father heere is King of *Aragon*;

I, *Amadine*, his onely daughter am,

And after him, sole Heire vnto the Crowne;

Now whereas it is my fathers will

To marry me vnto *Sogasto*,

Oae whose wealth, through Fathers former Vsurie,

Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull:

We both of custome often times did vse

(Leaving the Court) to walke within the fields

For recreation, especially the Spring,

In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:

And passing further then our wonted walkes:

Scarce entred were within these suckleffe Woods,

But right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,

A monstrous vgly Beare did bie him fast

To meete vs both: I faine to tell the rest.

Good shepheard, but suppose the gastly lookes,

The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes,

Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

*Mus.* Yet worthy Princeesse let thy sorrow cease;

And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

*Am.* Beleue me shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

*Mus.* Long may they last vnto your hearts content.

But tell me Lady, what is become of him?

*Sogasto* call'd? what is become of him?

*Of Macedonius.*

*Am.* I know not I; that know the powers diuine  
But God grant this, that sweet *Sogasta* liue.

*Mae.* Yet hard hearted he in such a case,  
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,  
And leaue so braue a Princeesse to the spoyle.

*Am.* Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,  
Endangering thy selfe to set me free,  
Vnrecompenced sure thou shalt not be:  
In Court thy courage shall be plainly knowne,  
Throughout thy Kingdom wil I spread thy name,  
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:  
And that thy courage may be better knowne,  
Beare thou the Head of this most monstrous Beast,  
In open fight, to euery Courtiers view:  
So will the King my Father thee reward.  
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.

*Mae.* With all my heart.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sogasta solus.*

*Sog.* When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,  
'Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,  
And of insuing harmes to chuse the least:  
But hard, yea haplesse is that wretches chance,  
Lucklesse his lot, and Cayriue-like accurst,  
At whose proceedings Fortune euer frownes:  
My selfe I meane, most subiect vnto thrall:  
For I, the more I seek to shunne the worst,  
The more by prooffe I find my selfe accurst.  
Ere-whiles assaulted with an vgly Beare,  
False *Amadine* in company all alone:  
Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,  
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:  
For death it was for to resist the Beare,  
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.  
Accursed I, in lingring life thus long,  
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre  
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:  
If she by flight, her fury do escape,  
What will she thinke?



*The Comedy*

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,  
Accusing me of meere disloyalty,  
A trusty Friend is tride in time of need? *¶*  
But I, when she in danger was of death,  
And needed me; and cryed, *Segallo* helpe:  
I turn'd my backe, and quickly ran away,  
Vaworthy I to beare this vitall breath;  
But what, what needs these plaints?  
If *Amadine* do live, then happy I.  
She will in time forgive, and so forget,  
*Amadine* is mercifull not *Iuno* like,  
In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

*Enter Mouse the Clowne running, crying Clubs.*

*Mo.* Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforkes, Bills: Oh helpe,  
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

*Seg.* Still Beares, and nothing else but Beares:  
Tell me firrah, where she is?

*Cl.* O fir, she is runne downe the Woods,  
I saw her white head and her white belly.

*Seg.* Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white Beares,  
But firrah didst thou every see any such.

*Cl.* No faith I never saw any such;  
But I remember my fathers words,  
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

*Seg.* A lamentable tale, no doubt.

*Cl.* I tell you what, fir, as I was going a field to serve my Fa-  
thers great Horse, and carried a bottle of Hay vpon my head:  
Now do you see fir, I fast hudwinckt that I could see nothing,  
I perceiving the Beare comming, I threw my Hay into the  
Hedge, and ran away.

*Seg.* What, from nothing.

*Cl.* I warrant you yes, I saw something; for there was two-  
load of Thornes, besides my bottle of Hay, & that made three.

*Seg.* But tell me firrah, the Beare that thou didst see,  
Did she not beare a Bucket on her arme?

*Cl.* Ha, ha, ha; I never saw Beare go a milking in all my life.  
But harke you fir, I did not looke so high as her arme,  
I saw nothing but her white Head, and her white belly.

*Seg.*

*Of Mucedorus.*

*Seg.* But tell me firrah: Where dost thou dwell?

*Clo.* Why, do you not know me?

*Seg.* Why no, how should I know thee?

*Clo.* Why then you know no body, and you know not me:  
I tell you fir, I am the Good-man Rats sonne of the next Parish  
ouer the Hill.

*Seg.* Good-man Rats sonne: what's thy name?

*Clo.* Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

*Seg.* I thinke so, but what's thy name?

*Clo.* My name, I haue a very pretty name: I'll tell you what  
my name is: my name is *Mause*.

*Seg.* VVhat plaine *Mause*.

*Clo.* I plaine *Mause*, without either welt or gard.  
But do you heare fir, I am a very yong *Mause*, for my Taile is  
scarce growne out yet; looke you here else.

*Seg.* But I pray you who gaue you that name?

*Clo.* Faith fir, I know not that; but if you would saue know,  
aske my fathers great Horse, for he hath bene halfe a yeare lon-  
ger with my father then I haue.

*Seg.* This seemes to be a merry fellow,  
I care not if I take him home with me:

Mirth is comfort to a troubled mind,

A merry man, a merry maister maker.

How saist thou firrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

*Clo.* Nay soft fir, two words to a bargain: pray you what  
Occupation are you?

*Seg.* No Occupation, I liue vpon my Lands.

*Clo.* Your Lands? away, you are no Maister farmer: why do  
you thinke that I am so mad, to go seek my liuing in the Lands  
amongst the Stones, Bryers, and Bushes, and teare my Holy-  
day apparell: not I by your leaues

*Seg.* Why, I do not meane thou shalt. *Clo.* How then?

*Seg.* Why thou shalt be my man, and waite vpon mee at the

*Clo.* What's that? *Seg.* Where the King lies. (Court.

*Clo.* What's that same King, a man or a woman?

*Seg.* A man, as thou art.

*Clo.* As I am: hark you fir, pray you what kin is he to good-  
man King of our Parish, the Church-warden?

*The Comedy*

*Seg.* No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

*Clo.* King of the Land, I neuer see him.

*Seg.* If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him every day.

*Clo.* Shall I go home againe to bee torne in peeces with Beares? No not I: I will go home and put on a cleane shirt, and then go drowne my selfe.

*Seg.* Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing.

*Clo.* Shall I not? then here's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you fir, now you haue entertained me, I will tell you what I can do: I can keepe my Tongue from picking and stealing, and my Hands from lying and standing, I warrant you as well as euer you had Man in your life.

*Seg.* Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts; if *Amadine* do liue, then happy I: yea happy I, if *Amadine* do liue.

*Enter the King with a young Prince Prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellors.*

*King.* Now brave Lords, our Warres are brought to end,  
Our foes the foyle, and we in safety rest:  
It vs behoues to vse such clemency in peace.

As valour in the warres:

It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,

As to be Conquerours in the field:

Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,

Your liking, and your Countries safe-gard,

We are dispos'd in marriage for to giue

Our Daughter o Lord *Segasto* here,

Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,

And raigne hereafter as I tofore haue done,

Your sole and lawfull King of *Arragon*,

What say you Lordings, like you of my adulce.

*Col.* An<sup>d</sup> please your Maiesty, we do not onely allow of your Highnes pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may to further it.

*King.* Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adroffu* liue,  
He will at full requite your curtesies.

*Tremelio*, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

*Of Macedonius.*

Take vnto thee the *Catalons*, a Prince

Lately our Prisoner taken in the warres:

Be thou his Ketcher, his ranfome shall be thine,

We'le thinke of it when leasure shall affoord:

Meane while, do vse him well, his father is a King.

*Tre.* Thanks to your Maiestie, his vlsage shall be such  
As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*

*Kin.* Then march we on to Court, & rest our wearied limbs,

But *Colin*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee,

When thou shalt heare a watch-ward from thy King,

Thinke then, some waighty matter is at hand,

That highly shall concerne our State:

Then *Colin* looke thou be not farre from me:

And for the seruice thou tofore hast done,

Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,

I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:

So guard vs to the Court.

*Col.* What so my Soueraigne doth command me do,  
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Segasto and the Clowne with Weapons about him.*

*Seg.* Tell me sirra, How do you like your Weapons?

*Cl.* O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme,

*Seg.* They keepe the dogs frō your shins very well, do they not?

*Cl.* How? keepe the dogs from my shins, I would scorne but  
my shins should keepe the dogs from them.

*Seg.* Well sirra, hauing idle talke, tell me,  
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelius* Chamber?

*Cl.* I very well, it hath a dore.

*Seg.* I thinke so, for so hath euery Chamber:  
But dost thou know the man?

*Cl.* I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

*Seg.* Why so hath euery one. *Cl.* That's more then I know.

*Seg.* But dost thou remember the Captain that was here with  
the King euen now, that brought the yong Prince Prisoner?

*Cl.* O very well.

*Seg.* Go vnto him, and bid him come vnto me:  
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.

*Cl.* I will Maister. Maister what's his name?

*Enter*

*Seg.*

*The Comedy*

*Seg.* Why, Captaine *Tremelio*?

*Clo.* O the Mealeman; I know him very well,  
He brings Meales every Saturday: but harke you Maister  
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

*Seg.* No sirra, he must come to me.

*Clo.* Harke you maister, how if he be not at home,  
What shall I do then?

*Seg.* Why then leaue word with some of his folkes.

*Clo.* Oh Maister, if there be nobody within,  
I will leaue word with his dog.

*Seg.* Why, can his dog speake?

*Clo.* I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keep his Chamber else?

*Seg.* To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

*Clo.* Nay by Lady, then go your selfe.

*Seg.* You will go sir, will you not?

*Clo.* Yes marry will I: O 'tis come to my head:  
And a be not within, I'll bring his Chamber to you.

*Seg.* What, will you plucke downe the Kings house?

*Clo.* Nay by Lady, I'll know the price of it first.  
Maister, it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe:  
I pray you tell me his name?

*Seg.* I tell thee Captaine *Tremelio*.

*Clo.* Oh, Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

*Enter Tremelio.*

*Tre.* How now sirrah, dost thou call me?

*Clo.* You must come to my Maister, Captaine treble knaue.

*Tre.* My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for me?

*Seg.* I did *Tremelio*: Sirra, about your business.

*Clo.* I marry, what's that, can you tell?

*Seg.* No not well.

*Clo.* Marry then I can; straight to the Kitchen-dresser to *John*  
the Cooke, and get me a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and  
then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler, for a lacke of  
Beere; and there, for an houre, I'll so belabour my selfe, and  
therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I  
pray you good Maister.

*Exit.*

*Seg.* Well sir away.

*Tremelio*, this it is; thou knowst the valour of *Segasto*

Spread

*Of Mucedorus.*

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,  
And such as haue found triumph and fauours:  
Neuer daunted at any time: But now a Shepheard,  
Admired in Court for worthinesse,  
And *Segastus* honour laid aside:  
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to  
worke the Shepheards death; I know thy strength sufficient to  
performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise then to reuenge  
my iniuries.

*Tre.* It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremelio* feares  
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

*Seg.* Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,  
What I promise, that I will performe.

*Tre.* Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,  
See where he commeth; stand by a while,  
And you shall see me put in practise your intended drift.  
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Muc.* Vilde Coward, so without cause to strike a mans  
Turne Coward turne; now strike, and do thy worst.

*Mucedorus killeth him.*

*Seg.* Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not;  
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?  
Ah *Tremelio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,  
And since that thou liuing, didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,  
So *Segasto* now liuing, will honour the dead  
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.  
Bloud thirsty villaine; borne and bred in mercilesse murther,  
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,  
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?  
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vnde according to the Law.

*Muc.* *Segasto* cease, these threates are needlesse,  
Accuse me not of murther, that haue done no-thing,  
But in mine owne defence.

*Seg.* Nay Shepheard, reason not with me,  
I'le manifest thy fact vnto the King:  
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.  
What ho! *Mause*, come away:

*C*

*Enter*



*The Comedy.*

*Enter Mous.*

*Clo.* VVhy how now, what's the matter?

I thought you would be calling before I had done.

*Seg.* Come help away with my friend.

*Clo.* VVhy is he drunke? can he not stand on his feet?

*Seg.* No he is not drunke he is flaine.

*Clo.* Flaine? no by Lady he is not flaine.

*Seg.* He's kil'd, I tell thee.

(no longer.)

*Clo.* VVhat do you vse to kill your friends? I will serue you

*Seg.* I tell thee, the Shepheard kil'd him.

*Clo.* O did he so: But maister, I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away.

*Seg.* VVhy so thou shalt.

*Clo.* Come then, I will help: Masse Maister, I thinke his mother sung Loobie to him, he is so heauy.

*Exeunt.*

*Muc.* Behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable, neuer at one.

Sometimes we feede on fancies with the sweet of our desires:

Sometimes againe, we feele the heate of extreame miseries.

Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrey:

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes.

Today I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

*Enter Brema a wilde man.*

*Bre.* No passenger this morning? what not one?

A chance that seldome doth befall.

VVhat not one? then lie thou there,

And rest thy selfe till I haue further need:

Now *Brema*, sith thy leasure so affoords,

An endlesse thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* strength?

VVho like a King commands within these woods,

The Beare, the Boare, dares not abide my sight,

But hast away to save themselves by flight.

The christall waters in the bubling Brookes,

VVhen I come by doe swiftly slide away,

And claps themselves in closets vnder bankes;

Afraide to looke bold *Brema* in the face.

The aged Oakes at *Bremoes* breath do bowe,

And all things else are still at my command.

*Else*



*Of Mucedorus.*

Else what would I?

Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,  
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.

VVhy who comes heere, with whom I dare not fight?

VVho fights with me, and deeth not die the death? not one.

VVhat fauour shewes this sturdy sticke to those

That here within these woods are combatants with me?

VVhy death, and nothing else but present death,  
With relesse rage, I wander through these woods

No creature here, but feareth *Bremos* force;

Man, woman, childe, beast and bird,

And euery thing that doth approach my sight,

Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.

Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,

For heere I see this day it will not be.

But when it fals that I encounter any,

One parte sufficeth for to worke my will.

VVhat, comes not one? then lets be gone,

A time will serue, when we shall better speed. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard, and the Clowne, with others.*

*King.* Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,

Murther is laid to thy charge:

VVhat canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

*Mu.* Dread Soueraigne I must needs confesse:

I flue this Captaine in mine owne defence,

Not of any malice, but by chance:

But mine accuser hath a futher meaning.

*Seg.* VVords will not here preuaile,

I seeke for iustice, and iustice craues his death.

*King.* Shepheard, thine owne confession hath condemned thee;

Sirra take him away, and do him to execution straight.

*Clo.* So he shall, I warrant him:

But do you heare maister King: he is kin to a Monkie,

His necke is bigger then his head.

*Seg.* Come sirra away with him,

And hang him about the middle.

*Clo.* Yes forsooth I warrant you: Come on sirra:

A, so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes.

### The Comedy

*Enter Amadine, and a boy with a Beares head.*

*Am.* Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued Sire,  
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepheard,  
which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed  
daughter.

*K.* King. Preferu'd the life of my sometime distressed daughter,  
How can that be? I neuer knew the time  
VVherein thou wast distressed: I neuer knew the day,  
But that I haue maintained thy estate,  
As best befeem'd the daughter of a King:  
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now,  
How comes it then, that he preferu'd thy life?

*Am.* Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,  
Further then our accustomed manner was,  
Right before vs, downe a steepe-fast Hill,  
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast,  
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,  
I referre it to the credite of *Segasto*.

*Seg.* Most true, an't like your Maiesty: *Kin.* How then?

*Am.* The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,  
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,  
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:  
The sight whereof did make vs both to dreads.  
But specially your daughter *Amadine*:  
VVho for I saw no succour incident  
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate:  
And he most coward-like began to flie,  
Left me distressed to be deuour'd of him.  
How say you *Segasto* is it not true?

*Kin.* His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

*Am.* Then I amaz'd, distressed all alone,  
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,  
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,  
And hardly I did off escape his pawes:  
Till at the length this Shepheard came,  
And brought to me his head] (*Maiesty*.)  
Come hither boy, Loe here it is, which I present vnto your

*Kin.* The slaughter of this Beare deserves great fame.

*Seg.*

*Of Mucedorus.*

*Seg.* The slaughter of a man, deserves great blame.

*Kim.* Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.

*Seg.* *Tremelio* in the wars (O King) preserued thee.

*Am.* The Shepheard in the woods (O king) preserued me.

*Seg.* *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.

*Am.* So would the Shepheard had he bene in field.

*Clo.* So would my Maister, had he not run away.

*Seg.* *Tremelios* force saued thousands from the foe.

*Am.* The Shepheards force hath saued thousands more.

*Clo.* A ye shipstickes nothing else.

*Kim.* *Segallo* cease to accuse the Shepheard,  
His worthinesse deserves a recompence:

All we are bound to do the Shepheard good.

Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

*Seg.* Thanks to your Maiesty.

*Kim.* But soft *Segallo*, not for this offence:

Long maist thou liue, and when the Sisters shall decree

To cut in twaine the twisted thrid of life,

Then let him die: for this, I set him free,

And for thy valour I will honour thee.

*Muc.* Thanks to your Maiesty.

*Kim.* Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the wor-  
thy valour of the Shepheard, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

*Clo.* O Maister heare you, you haue made a fresh hand now  
You would bestow you: what will you do now?

You haue lost me a good Occupation by the meanness.

Faith Maister, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,

I pray you let me take the paines to hang you,

It is but halfe an houres exercise.

*Seg.* You are still in your knauery:

But sith I cannot haue his life

I will procure his banishment for euer: Come on sirra.

*Clo.* Yes forsooth, I come: laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Muc.* From *Amadine*, and from her fathers Court,

With gold and siluer, and with rich rewards,

Flowing from the bankes of golden treasures:

*The Comedy*

More may I boast and say; but I  
Was neuer Shepheard in such dignity.

*Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.*

*Mes.* All haile worthy Shepheard.

*Clo.* All raine lousy Shepheard.

*Muc.* Welcome my friends from whence come you?

*Mes.* The King and *Amadine* greete thee well,  
And after greeting done bids thee depart the Courts  
Shepheard be gone.

*Clo.* Shepheard take law-legs, flie away Shepheard.

*Mu.* Whose words are these, came these from *Amadine*?

*Mes.* Aye from *Amadine*. *Clo.* Aye from *Amadine*.

*Mu.* Ah luckelesse fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,  
My former blesse is now become my bale.

*Clo.* What, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

*Mu.* My former heauen is now become my hell.

*Clo.* The worst Ale-houise that euer I came in, in all my life.

*Mu.* What shall I do?

*Clo.* Euen go hang thy selfe halfe an houre.

*Mu.* Can *Amadine* so churlishly command  
To banish the Shepheard from her fathers Court?

*Mes.* What should Shepheards do in the Court?

*Clo.* What should Shepheards do amongst vs?

Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the Court?

*Mu.* Why Shepheards are men, and Kings are no more.

*Mes.* Shepheards are men, and Maisters ouer their flocke.

*Clo.* That's a lie; who payes them their wages then?

*Mes.* Well, you are alwaies interrupting of me:

But you were best to looke to him, least you hang for him  
When he is gone. *Exit.*

*The Clowne sings.*

*Clo.* And you shall hang for ccmpany,  
For leauing me alone.

Shepheard stand forth, and heare my sentence. (sure:  
Shepheard be gone within three daies, in paine of my displea-  
Shepheard be gone, Shepheard be gone, be gone, be gone, be-  
gone, Shepheard, Shepheard, Shepheard.

*Mu.* And must I go? and must I needs depart?

*Yee*

*Of Mucedorus.*

- Yee goodly Groves partakers of my songs,  
In time tofore when Fortune did not frowne,  
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with mee  
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,  
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse.  
Yee wholesome hearbes, and sweete smelling sauours,  
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man:  
Change, change your wonted course,  
That I wanting your aide, in wofull sort may die.

*Enter Amadine, and Ariena her maide.*

*Am.* Ariena, if any body aske for me,  
Make some excuse, till I returne.

*Ari.* What and Segasto call?

*Exit.*

*Am.* Do you the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

*Mu.* This voyce so sweete, my pining spirits reuiues.

*Am.* Shepheard well met, tell me how thou dost.

*Mu.* I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

*Am.* Shepheard although thy banishment already  
Be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

*Muc.* Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death:  
I, double death to me: but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

*Am.* Say on with all my heart.

*Mu.* That in absence either farre, or neere,  
You honour me as Seruant with your name.

*Am.* Not so. *Mu.* And why?

*Am.* I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

*Mu.* A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

*Am.* Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

*Mu.* Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

*Am.* Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banish-

*Mu.* Vnworthy wights are more in ialousie. *(ment.*

*Am.* Would God they would free thee from banishment,  
Or likewise banish me.

*Mu.* Amen say I, to haue your company.

*Am.* Well Shepheard, sith thou sufferest this for my sake,  
With thee in exile also let me liue,

On this condition (Shepheard) thou canst loue,

*Muc.* No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

*Am.*

*The Comedy*

*Am.* Of late I loued one indeed, now I loue none but onely  
*Mu.* Thanks worthy Princeſſe: I burne likewiſe, (thee,  
 Yet ſmother vp the blaſt:

I dare not promiſe what I may performe,

*Am.* Well Shepheard, harke what I ſhall ſay,  
 I will returne vnto my fathers Court,  
 There for to prouide me of ſuch neceſſaries  
 As for my Iourney I ſhall thinke moſt fit:  
 This being done, I will returne to thee,  
 Do thou therefore appoint the place  
 Where we may meeete

*Mu.* Downe in the Valley, where I ſlue the Beare;  
 And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,  
 That ouerſhades a Well, ſo who comes firſt,  
 Let them abide the happy meeting of vs both.  
 How like you this? *Am.* I like it very well.

*Mu.* Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time.

*Am.* Full three houres hence, God willing, I will returne.

*Mu.* The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,  
 The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

*Am.* Then *Mucedorus* for three houres fare-well. *Exit.*

*Mu.* Your departure Lady, breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

*Enter Segasto ſolus.*

*Seg.* 'Tis well *Segaſto*, that thou haſt thy will:  
 Should ſuch a Shepheard, ſuch a ſimple Swaine as he,  
 Eclipse thy credit, famous through the Court?  
 No, ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in *Dragon* be ſaid,  
 A Shepheard hath *Segaſtoes* honour wonne.

*Enter Mouſe the Clowne, calling his maiſter.*

*Clo.* What, hoe Maiſter, will you come away?

*Seg.* VVill you come hither I pray you? what's the matter?

*Clo.* VVhy is it not paſt eleuen of the clocke?

*Seg.* How then ſir?

*Clo.* I pray you come away to dinner.

*Seg.* I pray you come hither.

*Clo.* Here's ſuch a do with you: will you neuer come?

*Seg.* I pray you ſir, what newes of the Meſſage I ſent you a-

*Clo.* I tell you all the Meſſes be on the Table already, (bout  
 There



*Of Mucedorus.*

There wants not so much as a melle of Mustard, halfe an houre

*Seg.* Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly. (*agoc.*  
You haue forgotten what I bid you do.

*Clo.* Faith I know nothing, but you bid me go to breakfast.

*Seg.* VVas that all?

*Clo.* Faith I haue forgotten it, the very sent of the Meate made me, hath forgot it quite.

*Seg.* You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you do:

*Clo.* VVhat Arrant? an arrant knaue, or an arrant whore?

*Seg.* Why thou knaue did I not bid thee banish the Shep-

*Clo.* O the Shepheards Battard.

(*heard*)

*Seg.* I tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

*Clo.* I tell you the Shepheards Battard shall be well kept:  
I'll looke to it my selfe: but I pray come away to dinner.

*Seg.* Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished him or no?

*Clo.* VVhy I cannot say banishment, and you would giue me a thousand pounds to say so.

*Seg.* VVhy you whoreton Ilaue, haue you forgotten that I sent you, and an other, to driue away the Sheapheard?

*Clo.* VVhat an Ass are you, here's a stirre indeed:  
Here's Message, Arrant, Banishment, and I cannot tell what?

*Seg.* I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him away?

*Clo.* Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not belecue me, aske my staffe.

*Seg.* Why can the Staffe tell?

*Clo.* Why he was with me too.

*Seg.* Then happy I that haue obtain'd my will.

*Clo.* And happier I, if you would go to dinner.

*Seg.* Come sirra, follow me.

*Clo.* I warrant you, I will not loose an Inch of you, now you are going to dinner: I promise you, I thought seuen yeare before I could get him away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amadine solus:*

*Am.* God grant my long delay, procures no harme;  
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence:  
My *Mucedorus* surely stais for me,

D

And



*The Comedy.*

And thinkes me ouer-long, at length I come,  
My present promise to performe:  
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained Loue,  
What is it which true Loue dares not attempt?  
My father he may make, but I must match:  
*Segasto* loues, but *Amadine* must like  
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall:  
No, no, the hearty choyce, is all in all.  
The Shepheards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.  
But what? methinkes the Shepheard is not come;  
I muse at that, the houre is at hand:  
Well, heere I'll rest till *Mucedorus* come. *She sits downe.*

*Enter Bremo looking about, hastily takes hold of her.*

*Bre.* A happy prey, now *Bremo* feed on flesh:  
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungry panch to fill;  
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme blood:  
Come sit with me I long to see thee dead,

*Am.* How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?

*Bre.* What, canst not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

*Am.* What, must I die?

*Bre.* What need these words? I thirst to sucke thy blood.

*Am.* Yet pittie me, and let me liue a while.

*Bre.* No pittie I, I'll feede vpon thy flesh,  
I'll reare thy body peece-meale ioint by ioint.

*Am.* Ah how I want my Shepheards company.

*Bre.* I'll crush thy bones betwixt two Oaken Trees.

*Am.* Hast Shepheard hast, or else thou com'st too late.

*Bre.* I'll sucke the sweetnesse from thy Marrow-bones.

*Am.* Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.

*Bre.* With this my Bar, will I beat out thy braines:  
Downe, downe I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground,

*Am.* Then *Mucedorus*, farewell; my hoped ioyes fare-well:  
Yea farewell life, and welcome present death; *Shee kneeles.*  
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying Ghost.

*Bre.* Now *Bremo*, play thy part:  
How now: What sodaine chance is this?  
My Limmes do tremble, and my sinewes shake:

*My*

*Of Mucedorus.*

My vnweakened Armes haue lost their former force:  
Ah *Breno*, *Breno*, what a foile hadst thou,  
That yet at no time wast afraid,  
To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee, *He strikes.*  
And now wants strength for one downe driving blow?  
Ah, how my courage failes, when I should strike;  
Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast:  
Shall I spare her *Breno*? spare her, do not kill;  
Saith spare her, which neuer spared any.  
To it *Breno*, to it, say againe:  
I cannot weild my weapons in my hand:  
Me thinkes I should not strike so faire a one,  
I thinke her beauty hath bewicht my force,  
Or else within me altered Natures course:  
Aie woman? wilt thou liue in woods with me?  
*Am.* Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.  
*Bre.* Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,  
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus:*

*Muc.* It was my will an houre agoe and more,  
As was my promise, for to make returne,  
But other businesse hindred my pretence.  
It is a world to see, when man appoints,  
And purposely one certaine thing decrees,  
How many things may hinder his intent:  
What one would wish, the same is farthest off,  
But yet th'appointed time can not be past;  
Nor hath her presence yet preuented me:  
VVell heere I'll staie, and expect her comming.  
*They cry within, hold him, hold him.*  
Some one or other is pursued no doubt,  
Perhaps some search for me; 'tis good to doubt the worst,  
Therefore I'll begone. *Exit.*

*Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Monke  
the Clowne with a Pot.*

*Clo.* Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a fir indeed: here  
came hew after the crier; & I was set close at mother *Nips* house  
and

*The Comedy*

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers: now sirra, I had taken the maiden-head of two of the: Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came, hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on; but I am sure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pots well, I'le see: Masse I can not see him yet: Well I'le looke a little further: Masse he is a little slave if a be heere: why heere's nobody: all this goes well yet. But if the old Trot should come for her pot; I marry there's the matter. But I care not, I'le face her out, and call her old rustie, dustie, mustie, fustie, crusiie Fire-brand, and worse then all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft, heere she comes.

*Enter the old Woman.*

*Old Wo.* Come you knaue, where's my pot, you knaue?

*Clo.* Go looke your pot, come not not to me for your pot, I were good for you.

*Old.* Thou liest thou knaue, thou hast my pot.

*Clo.* You lie and you say it: I your pot? I know what I'le say.

*Old.* Why, what wilt thou say?

*Clo.* Bug say I haue him, and thou darst.

*Old.* Why thou knaue, thou hast not onely my pot, but my drinke vnpaid for.

*Clo.* You lie like an old: I will not say whore.

*Old.* Dost thou call me whore? I'le cap thee for my pot.

*Clo.* Cap me, and thou darst:

Search me whether I haue it or no.

*She searches him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and casteth downe the Pot, she stumblith at it: then they fall together by the eares: she takes vp her Pot, and goes out.*

*Enter Segasto.*

*Seg.* How now sirra, what's the matter?

*Clo.* Oh Flies Maister, Flies.

*Seg.* Flies, where are they?

*Clo.* Oh, here Maister all about your face.

*Seg.* Why thou liest, I thinker thou art mad.

*Clo.* Why Maister, I haue kil'd a dung-cart full at the least.

*Seg.* Go to sirra, leauing this idle talk, giue care to me.

*Clo.* How, giue you one of my cares?

Not

*Of Macedonius.*

Not and you were ten Maister.

*Seg.* Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my words.

*Clo.* I tell you I will not be made a Curtal for no mans plea-

*Seg.* I tell thee attend what I say: (sure.

Go thy waies straight and reare the whole Towne.

*Clo.* How, reare the whole Towne? euen go your selfe, it is more then I can do: why? do you thinke I can reare a Towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head: I should reare a Towne, should I not?

*Seg.* Go to the Constable, and make a priuite search, For the Shepheard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

*Clo.* How is the shepheard run away with the kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter runne away with the shepheard?

*Seg.* I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

*Clo.* VVhat a foole is free to run awaie with the shepheard? why, I thinke I am a little handsomer Man, then the shepheard my selfe: but tell me Maister, must I make a priuite search, or search in the priuie.

*Seg.* VVhy, dost thou thinke they will be there?

*Clo.* I can cannot tell.

*Seg.* Well then search euery where,  
Leaue no place vnsearcht for them. *Exit.*

*Clo.* Oh now am I in an Office: now I will to that old Fire-brands house, and will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay I'll to the Ale-stand, and drinke as long as I can stand: and when I haue done, I'll let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell; and if I finde him not there, I'll to the Cupbord; I'll not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched, i'faith yee old Crust I will be with you now. *Exit.*

*Sound Musicke:*

*Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Rodrigo,  
Lord Barachius, with others.*

*King Va.* Enough of Musicke, it but addes to torment:  
Delights to vexed spirits, are as Dates.

Set to a sicke man, which rather cloy, then comfort:

Let me entreate you, to entreate no more:

*Rod.* Let your strings sleepe, haue done there.

*King Va.* Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are embers turn'd,

*The Comedy*

Which sodaine gleame, with molestation,  
But sooner loose their sight for't.

'Tis Gold bestowed vpon a Ryotor,  
Which not relieues but murders him.

'Tis a druggie giuen to the healthfull,  
Which infects not cures.

How can a father that hath lost his sonne,  
A Prince both wise, vertuous and valiant,  
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?

No, no, till *Mucedorus* I shall see againe,  
All ioy is comfortlesse, all pleasure paine.

*Ans.* Your sonne (my Lord) is well.

*King Va.* I prethee speake that thrice.

*Ans.* The Prince your sonne is safe.

*King Va.* Oh where *Ans'ls* surfet me with that.

*Ans.* In *Aragon* my Liege, and at his parture,  
Bound my secrecie

By his affectionous loue, not to disclose it:  
But care of him, and pittie of your age,  
Makes my tongue blab, what my breast vow'd concealment.

*King Va.* Thou not deceiue'st me, I euer thought thee,  
What I find thee now, an vpright loiall man.

But what desire, or yong-fed humour  
Nurst within the braine,

Drew him so priuately to *Aragon*?

*Ans.* A forcing Adamant,  
Loue, mixt with Feare and doubtfull ieaousie,  
Whether Report guilded a worthlesse truncke,  
Or *Amadine* deserued her high extolment.

*King Va.* See our prouision be in readinesse,  
Collect vs Followers of the comliest hue,  
For our chiefe Guardions, we will thither wend,  
The christall eie of heauen shall not thrice wincke,  
Nor the green Floud, sixe times his sholders turne,  
Till we salute the *Arragonian* King.

Musicke speake loudlie, now the season's apt,  
For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*Of Mucedorus.*

*Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.*

*Muc.* Now *Mucedorus* whether wilt thou go?  
Home to thy father, to thy native soile;  
Or rry some long abode within these Woods:  
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.  
What, hie me home said I? that may not be,  
In *Amadine* rests my felicitie.

Then *Mucedorus*, do as thou didst decree,  
Attire thee Hermite-like within these Groves;  
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,  
Make settles there and seate thy selfe thereon:  
And when thou seelest thy selfe to be a thirst,  
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,  
No doubt she thinkes on thee,  
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.  
Come Habite, thou art fit for me, *He disguiseth*  
No shepheard now, a Hermit must I be, *himselfe.*  
Me thinkes this fits me very well;  
Now must I learne to beare a walking Staffe,  
And exercise some grauity withall.

*Enter the Clamme.*

*Cl.* Heere's through the woods, and through the woods,  
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:  
But soft, who haue we heere? what art thou?

*Muc.* I am an Hermite.

*Cl.* An Emmet, I neuer saw such a big Emmet in all my life  
before.

*Muc.* I tell you sir, I am an Hermite,  
One that leades a solitary life within these woods.

*Cl.* O, I know thee now; thou art he that eates vp all the  
Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon  
for thee, all this yeare.

*Muc.* Thou dost mistake me:  
But I pray thee tell me, who dost thou seeke in these woods?

*Cl.* What do I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,  
Runne away with a shepheard.

*Muc.* A stray Kings daughter, run away with a shepheard,  
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

*Cl.*



*The Comedy*

*Clo.* Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maister and *Amadine*; walking one day abroad, neerer to these woods then they were vsed (about what I cannot tel) but towards the comes running a great Beare, now my Maister hee plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now sir, comes me as shepheard and he strikes of the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no, I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and bind their hands and feete, and I'll kill them all: now euer since *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the shepheard, and for good will shees euen run away with the shepheard.

*Muc.* What manner of man was he, canst describe him vnto me?

*Clo.* Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can, a was a litle, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well-fauoared fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttions of the same cloth.

*Muc.* Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any such, pray you where shall I find you, or what your name?

*Clo.* My name is called maister Mouse.

*Muc.* Oh maister Mouse, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court.

*Clo.* Marry sir I am Rusher of the Stable.

*Muc.* Oh, Vsher of the Table.

*Clo.* Nay, I say Rusher, and I'll proue mine Office good: for looke sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and strow Rushes presently, therefore I am a Rusher: a high Office I promise yee.

*Muc.* But where shall I find you in the Court?

*Clo.* Why where it is best being, either in the Kitchen eating or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Bruewes knuckle deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember maister Mouse.

*Exit.*

*Muc.* Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*! what should become of thee?  
Whether shouldst thou go so long vnknowne?  
With watch and ward each passage is beset,  
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne,  
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods,  
And wandring to and fro she seekes the Wells:

*Which*



*Of Mucedorus.*

Which yet she cannot find, therefore will I seeke her out. *Exit.*

*Enter Bremono and Amadine.*

*Bre.* *Amadine*, how like you *Bremos* and his woods?

*Am.* As like the woods of *Bremos* crueltie:  
Though I were dumbe, and could not answere him,  
The beasts themselues would with relenting teares,  
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumane deeds.

*Bre.* My loue, why dost thou murmure to thy selfe?  
Speake louder for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

*Am.* My *Bremo*, no, the Shepheard is my Loue:

*Bre.* Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,  
Giuen thee leaue to liue, that thou mightst loue,  
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?

Come kisse me (sweete) for all my fauours past:

*Am.* I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

*Bre.* See how she flinges away from me,  
I will follow, and giue attend to her.  
Denie my Loue, a Worme of Beauty:  
I will chastise thee: come, come,  
Prepare thy head vpon the Blocke.

*Am.* O spare me *Bremo*, Loue should limit life,  
Not to be made a murderer of himselfe.  
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with bloud,  
Encounter with the Lyon, or the Beare,  
And like a Woollfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

*Bre.* Why then dost thou repine at me?  
If thou wilt loue me, thou shalt be my Queene,  
I will crowne thee with a Chaplet made of Iuorie,  
And make the Rose and Lillie waite on thee:  
I'll rend the burley Branches from the Oake,  
To shadow thee from burning Sunne.  
The Trees shall spread themselues where thou dost go,  
And as they spread, I'll trace along wth thee.

*Am.* You may, for who but you.

*Bre.* Thou shalt be fed with Quailes and Partriges,  
With Blacke-birds, Larkes, Thrushes, and Nightingales:  
Thy drinke shall be Goates Milke, and Christall water  
Disfilling from the Fountaines, and the cleere Springs:

E

And

*Of Mucedorus.*

And all the dainties that the woods afford,  
I'll freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.

*Am.* You may, for who but you.

*Br.* The day I'll spend to recreate my Loue,  
With all the pleasures that I can deuise:  
And in the night, I'll be thy bedfellow,  
And lovingly embrace thee in mine armes.

*Am.* One may, so may not you.

*Br.* The satyrs & the wood-nymphs shall attend on thee,  
And lull thee a sleepe with Musicks sounds:  
And in the morning when thou dost awake,  
The Lark shall sing, good-morrow to my Queene:  
And whilst he sings, I'll kisse mine *Amadour*.

*Am.* You may, for who but you.

*Br.* When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strowed  
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweete Marigolds,  
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:  
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,  
To chase the Hart, and how to rouse the Roe,  
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.

*Am.* You may, for who but you.

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Br.* Welcome sir, an houre agoe I lookt for such a guest:  
Be merry wench, wee'll haue a frolicke Feast,  
Here's Flesh enough for to suffice vs both:  
Say sirra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?

*Muc.* I want a weapon, how can I fight?

*Br.* Thou wants a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.

*Muc.* I say not so, I do not yeeld to die.

*Br.* Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.

*Am.* Yet spare him *Brenno*, spare him.

*Br.* Away I say, I will not spare him.

*Muc.* Yet giue me leaue to speake.

*Br.* Thou shalt not speake.

*Am.* Yet giue him leaue to speake, for my sake.

*Br.* Speake on, but be not ouer-long.

*Muc.* In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts,  
Did lead their liues in loathsome Celles and Woods,

And

*The Comedy.*

And wholly gaue themselves to willesse will;  
A rude vnjuly route: then man to man became.  
A present prey, then Might preuailed,  
The weakeſt went to wals:  
Right was vnkowne, for wrong was all in all.  
As men thus liued in their great out-rage,  
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)  
And them from Rudeneſſe vnto Reason brought:  
Who led by Reason, ſoone forſooke the woods,  
In ſtead of Caues they built them Caſtles ſtrong;  
Citties and Townes were founded by them then:  
Glad were they, they found ſuch eaſe,  
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie.  
Waying their former wickedneſſe,  
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,  
A Golden Age, a goodly Golden age.  
Now *Breno* (for ſo I heare thee called)  
If men which liued tofore, as thou doſt now,  
Wilde in Wood, addicted all to ſpoile,  
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;  
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne  
From murther, bloud-ſhed, and like cruelties.  
What, ſhould we fight before we haue a cauſe?  
No. let's liue, and loue together faithfully:  
I'll fight for thee.

*Bre* Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

*Am.* Hold *Breno*, hold.

*Bre.* Away! I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

*Am.* You promiſed me to make me *Queene*.

*Bre.* I did, I meane no leſſe.

*Am.* You promiſed that I ſhould haue my will.

*Bre.* I did, I meane no leſſe.

*Am.* Then ſaue this *Hermite*, for he may ſaue vs both.

*Bre.* At thy request I'll ſpare him; but neuer any after him.  
Say *Hermite*, what canſt thou do?

*Muc.* I'll waite on thee, ſometime vpon thy *Queene*.  
Such ſeruice ſhalt thou ſhortly haue, as *Breno* neuer had.

*Exeunt.*

E 2

*Enter.*

*The Comedy*

*Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.*

*Seg.* Come first, what shall I neuer haue you find out *Amadine* and the shepheard?

*Clo.* And I haue bene through the Woods, and through the Woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet.

*Ru.* Why I see a thousand Emmets; thou meanst a little one.

*Clo.* Nay, that Emmet that I saw, was bigger then thou art;

*Ru.* Bigger then I; what a foole haue you to your man?

I pray you Maister turne him away.

*Seg.* But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

*Clo.* Thinke he was, for he said he did lead a Salt sellers life about the Woods.

*Seg.* Thou wouldst say, a solitarie life about the Wood.

*Clo.* I thinke so it was indeed.

*Ru.* I thought what a foole thou art.

*Clo.* Thou art a wise man: why hee did nothing but sleepe since he went.

*Seg.* But tell me *Moufe* how did he go?

*Clo.* In a white Gowne, and a white Hat on his head, And a staffe in his hand.

*Seg.* I thought so, it was an Hermite that walked a solitarie life in the Woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue seeking, till you bring some newes of them, or I'll hang you both. *Exit.*

*Clo.* How now *Rumbelo*, what shall we do now?

*Ru.* Faith I'll home to dinner and afterward to sleepe.

*Clo.* Why then thou wilt be hanged.

*Ru.* Faith I care not, for I know I shall neuer find them: Well, I'll once more abroad; and if I cannot find them, I'll neuer come home againe.

*Clo.* I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou shalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will meete both together in the midst.

*Ru.* Content, let's away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Muc.* Vnknowne to any here within these woods,  
With bloody *Bromo* do I leade my life:  
The Monster he, doth murder all he meetes,

He

*Of Mucedorus.*

He spareth none, and none doth him escapes  
Who would continue, who but onely I  
In such a cruell cut-throates company?  
Yet *Amadius* is there, how can I chuse?  
A silly foule, how often times she fits  
And sighes, and cals come: Shepheard come:  
Sweete *Mucedorus* come and set me free,  
When *Mucedorus* (Peasant) stands her by,  
But heere she comes: What newes faire Lady,  
As you walke these woods?

*Enter Amadius.*

*Ama.* Ah Hermite, none but bad,  
And such as thou knowest.

*Muc.* How do you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

*Ama.* Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

*Muc.* And why not yours? me thinkes he loues you well.

*Ama.* I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

*Muc.* Lady, in this, me thinkes you offer wrong,  
To hate the man, that euer loues you best.

*Ama.* Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue,  
Neither doth *Bremo* like me best.

*Muc.* Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady, sith we both  
May safely talke now out of *Bremoes* sight:

Vnfold to me, so if you please, the full discourse  
How, when, and why, you came into these Woods,  
And fell into this bloody Burchers hands.

*Ama.* Hermite I will: Of late a worthy shepheard I did loue

*Muc.* A shepheard (Lady) sure a man vnsit to match with you.

*Ama.* Hermite, this is true: and when we had,

*Muc.* Stay there, the wild-man comes,  
Referre the rest vntill another time.

*Enter Bremo.*

*Br.* What secret tale is this? What whispring haue we heret?  
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

*Muc.* If needes I must, loe heere it is againe.  
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,  
It griued vs both, but specially thy Queene:  
Who in thy absence euer seares the worst.  
Least some mischance befall your royall Grace.

*The Comedy*

Shall my sweete *Bromo* wander through the Woods;  
Toyle too and fro, for to redresse my want,  
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?  
I like not this, quoth she:  
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,  
If I could teach her handle weapons vvell.  
My answere was, I had small skill therein;  
But glad some (mighty King) to learne of thee:  
And this was all.

*Bro.* Wast for none can dislike of this;  
I'll teach you both to fight, but first my Queene beginne,  
Heere take this weapon see how thou canst vse it.

*Ama.* This is too bigge, I cannot weeld it in my arme.

*Bro.* Is't so? vve'll haue a knotty Crab-tree staffe for thee:  
But firra, tell me, what saist thou?

*Ama.* With all my heart, I willing am to learne.

*Bro.* Then tak: my staffe, and see how thou canst weeld it.

*Ama.* First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

*Bro.* Thou hold'st it vvell: looke how he doth,  
Thou maist the sooner learne.

*Ama.* Next tell me how, and when 'tis best to strike.

*Bro.* 'Tis best to strike when time doth serue,  
'Tis best to loose no time.

*Ama.* Then nevv or neuer is my time to strike.

*Bro.* And when thou strikest, be sure to hide the Head.

*Ama.* The Head?

*Bro.* The very Head.

*Ama.* Then houe at thine: *Hee strikes him downe dead.*  
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,  
Or else avvorse, as thou deseruest vvorse.

*Ama.* It glads my heart, this Tyrants death to see,

*Ama.* Now Lady, it remaines in you,  
To end the Tale you lately had begunne,  
Being interrupted by this wicked vvight:  
You said, you loued a Shepheard.

*Ama.* I so I do, and none but onely him  
And vwill do still, as long as life shall last.

*Ama.* But tell me Lady, fish I set you free?

What



*Of Murderer.*

What course of life do you intend to take?

*Am.* I will disguised wander through the world;  
Till I have found him out.

*Mu.* How if you finde your Shepheard in these Woods?

*Am.* Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine*.

*Hee disoloth himselfe.*

*Mu.* In tract of time, a man may alter much:  
Say Lady, do you know your Shepheard well?

*Am.* My *Murderer*: hath he set me free?

*Mu.* He hath set thee free.

*Am.* And liu'd so long vnknewne to *Amadine*?

*Mu.* Ay that's a question whereof you may not be resolved;  
You know that I am banisht from the Court.

I know likewise each passage is beset,

So that we cannot long escape vnknewne:

Therefore my will is this, that we returne,

Right through the Thickets to the Wild-mans Cauer,

And there a while live on his provision,

Vntill the search and narrow watch be past.

This is my counsell, and I thinke it best.

*Am.* I thinke the very same.

*Mu.* Come, let's be gone.

*The Clowne searcheth, and falls over the Wild-man;*  
*and so carries him away.*

*Cl.* Nay soft sir, are you here? a bots on you.

I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:

We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you:

A Wench, a Wench sir, we would haue.

*Mu.* A Wench of me? I'll make thee eat my sword.

*Cl.* O Lord; nay, and you are so lusty, I'll ea'l a cooling  
card for you: Ho M-ister, Maister, I come away quickly.

*Enter Segasse.*

*Seg.* VVhat's the matter?

*Cl.* Look Maister: *Amadine* and the Shepheard: O braue-

*Seg.* VVhat Minion, haue I found you out?

*Cl.* Nay that's a lie, I found her out my selfe.

*Seg.* Thou gadding huswife, what canst hauid thou  
To gad abroad,

VVhen



*The Comedy*

VWhen as thou knowest our VVedding day so nief

*Am.* Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand:

Shew your Assurance, then Il'e answere you.

*Seg.* Thy fathers promise, my assurance is.

*Am.* But what he promist, he hath not performde.

*Seg.* It rests in thee for to performe the same,

*Am.* Not I.

*Seg.* And why?

*Am.* So is my will, and therefore euen no.

*Clo.* Maister, with anone, none so.

*Seg.* Ah wicked villaine, art thou heere?

*Mu.* VVhat needs these words? we weigh them not.

*Seg.* VVe weigh them not? proud Shepheard, I scorne thy

*Clo.* VVe'le not haue a corner of thy company. (company.

*Mu.* I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

*Clo.* That's a lie; a wold haue kil'd me with his pugs-nando.

*Seg.* This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.

*Ama.* Then seeke another that may you better please.

*Mu.* VVell *Amadine*, it onely rests in thee,  
(VVithout delay) to make thy choyce of three:

There stands *Segasto*, heere a Shepheard stands;

There stands the third: now make thy choyce.

*Clo.* A Lord (at the least) I am.

*Am.* My choice is made; for I will none but thee.

*Seg.* A worthy Mate: (no doubt) for such a wife.

*Mu.* And *Amadine*; why, wilt thou none but me;  
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did;

I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy state;

Moreover, if thou meane to be my wife;

Commonly this must be thy vse,

To bed at midnight, vp at foure;

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place;

VVhereby our daily victuall for to winne:

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Princesse then, but a plaine Shepheards wife.

*Clo.* Then, God gee-you good morrow goody Shepheard.

*Am.* It shall not neede; if *Amadine* do liue,

Thou shalt be crowned King of Arragon.

*Clo.*

*Of Mucedorus.*

*Clo.* Oh Maister, laugh: when he's King, then I'll be a Queen.

*Mu.* Then know that; which neere tofore was knowne:

I am no Shepheard, no *Aragonian* I,  
But borne of Royall blood: my father's of *Valencia* King,  
My mother Queene: who for thy sacred sake,  
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

*Ans.* Ah how I ioy, my fortune is so good.

*Seg.* VVell, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed,

But *Mucedorus*; I as much do ioy  
To see thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,  
As if a Kingdome had befallne me this time:  
I with my heart, surrender her to thee.

*He gives her to him.*

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

*Clo.* What Barnes doore, and borne where my Father was  
Constable; a bors on thee: how dost thee?

*Muc.* Thankes *Segasto*: but you leueld at the Crowne.

*Clo.* Maister, beare this, and beare all.

*Seg.* Why so Sir?

*Clo.* He sees you take a Goose by the Crowne.

*Seg.* Go to sir, away, post you to the King,  
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubts;  
Glad him vp, and tell him these good newes,  
And we will follow as fast as we may.

*Clo.* I go Maister, I run Maister. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and Collin.*

*King.* Breake heart, and end my pallid woes,  
My *Amadine*, the comfort of my life:  
How can I ioy, except she were in sight?  
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soule,  
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

*Col.* Forbeare those passions, gentle King,  
And you shall see 'twill turne vnto the best,  
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

*King.* Such ioy as death, I do assure me that,  
And nought but death, vnlesse of her I heare,  
And that with speed, I cannot sigh thus long:  
But whar a tumult do I heare within?

*Of Mucedorus.*

*They cry within, Joy and Happiness.*

*Col.* I heare a noyse of ouer-passing ioy,  
Within the Court: my Lord, be of good comfort:  
And here comes one in hast.

*Enter the Clowne running.*

*Cl.* A King, a King, a King.

*Col.* Why how now sirra, what's the matter?

*Cl.* O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth mony.

*Kin.* Why sirra, thou shalt haue silver and gold, if it be good.

*Cl.* O 'tis good, 'tis good: *Amadine.*

*Kin.* O what of her? tell me and I will make thee a Knight.

*Cl.* How, a Spright? no by Lady, I will not be a Spright,  
Mistress, get you away, if I be a spright, I shall be so leane,  
I shall make you all afraide.

*Col.* Thou loe, the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

*Cl.* VVny, I shall want Partell.

*King.* Thou shalt want for nothing.

*Cl.* Then stand away, strike vp thy selfe, heere they come.

*Enter Scasse, Mucedorus, and Amadine.*

*Am.* My gracious father pardon thy disobedient daughter.

*King.* VVhat, do mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?  
Rise you deere daughter, and let these embracing armes,  
Seew the token of thy Fathers ioy,

VVhen euer since thy departure, hath languished in sorrow.

*Am.* Deere father, neuer were your sorrowes  
Greater then my griefes.

Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:

Yet neuertheless acknowledging my selfe

To be the cause of both, on bended knees

I humbly craue your pardon.

*Kin.* I'c pardon thee (deere daughter) but as for him.

*Am.* Ay father, what of him?

*Kin.* As sure as I am King and weare the Crowne,  
I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

*Muc.* Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, shew

*King.* I such fauour as thou deseruest. (faueur.

*Muc.* I do deserue the daughter of a King.

*King.* Oh impudent! a Shepheard, and so insolent.

*Muc.*

*The Comedy.*

*Muc.* No Shepheard I, but a worthy Prince.

*King.* In faire conceite, not Princely borne.

*Mu.* Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,  
My mother a Queene, and of *Valencia* both,

*King.* VVhat *Mucedorus*? welcome to our Court?  
VVhat cause hadst thou to come to me disguisde?

*Mu.* No cause to feare, I caused no offence,  
But this, desiring thy daughters vertues for to see,  
Disguisde my selfe from out my fathers Court,  
Vnknowne to any, in secret I did rest,  
And passed many troubles, neere to death:  
So hath your daughter my partaker bene,  
As you shall know hereafter more at large:  
Desiring you, you will giue her to me,  
Euen as mine owne, and *Soueraigne* of my life:  
Then shall I thinke my trauels are well spent.

*King.* VVith all my heart: but this,  
*Segasto* claimes my promise made tofore,  
That he should haue her as his onely wife,  
Before my Councell, when he came from warre.  
*Segasto*, may I craue thee let it passe,  
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*.

*Seg.* With all my heart, were it a far greater thing:  
And what I may, to furnish vp their rites,  
With pleasing sports and pastimes, you shall see.

*King.* Thanks good *Segasto*, I will think of this.

*Muc.* Thanks good my Lord, and while I liue  
Account of me in what I can, or may.

*Am.* And good *Segasto*, these great courtesies,  
Shall not be forgot.

*Clo.* Why harke you Maister, bones, what haue you done?  
what, giuen away the wench you made me take such paires  
for? you are wise indeed? Masse and I had knowne of that, I  
would haue had her my selfe: Faith Maister, now wee may goe  
to breake-fast with a Woodcock-pie.

*Seg.* Goe sir, you were best leaue this Enuery.

*King.* Come on my Lord, let's now to Court,  
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day

*The Comedy*

That ever hap to a distressed King:  
Were but thy father the Valencia Lord,  
Present in view of this combined knot.

*A shout within. Enter a messenger.*

What shout was that?

*Mes.* My Lord, the great Valencia King,  
Newly arrived, entreats your presence.

*Muc.* My father?

*King. A.* Prepared welcomes, give him entertainme...  
A happier Planet never raigned then that,  
Which governes at this houre.

*Sound.*

*Enter the King of Valencia, Anselmo, Rodrigo, Barchiu, with  
others, the King runs and embraces his sonne.*

*King V.* Rise honour of my age, food to my rest:  
Condemne not (mighty King of ~~Spain~~)  
My rude behaviour, so compell'd by Nature,  
That manners stood vnknowne aged.

*King A.* What we have to recite, would tedious proue,  
By declaration, therefore in, and seast:  
To morrow the performance shall explaine  
What words can cease, till then, Drummes speake, Bels ring,  
Giving the welcome to our brother King:

*Sound Drummes and Trumpets. Exit omnes.*

*Enter Comedie, and Eunie.*

*Com.* How now Eunie: what, blushest thou already?  
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,  
But with a courage praise a womans deeds;  
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst do me no hurt,  
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despight,  
I ouerwelmd and turn'd vp side downe thy Blockes,  
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same.

*Eun.* Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,  
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse:  
Yet must I needs confesse, thou hast done well,  
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:  
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,  
Although this time thou hast got,  
Yet not the conquest neither.

*Of Mucedorus.*

A double revenge, another time I'll haue.

*Com. Ennio*, (pit thy gall,  
Plot, worke, contriue: create new fallacies,  
Teame from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,  
Whose blood and thoughts haue twins conception:  
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,  
Cast natie Monsters in the moulds of men:  
Case vicious deuils vnder sancted Rochers;  
Vnbaspe the wicker where all periurds roste,  
And swarme this Ball with Treasons, do thy worst:  
Thou canst not (hel-hound) crosse my steare to night,  
Nor blind that glory, where I wish delight.

*Enn.* I can, I will.

*Com.* Neffarious Hagge, beginne,  
And let vs tugge, till one of us stry winne.

*Enn. Comedie*, thou art a froward Goose,  
I'll ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,  
And make thy fall, my Comick merriement.

*Com.* Thy pollicy wants grauity: thou art too weakes:  
Speake Fiend, as how?

*Enn.* Why thus:  
From my soule Studie will I hoyst a wretch,  
A leane and hungry Meager Canniball:  
Whose iawes swell to his eyes, with chawing Malice:  
And him I'll make a Poet.

*Com.* What's that to'th purpose?

*Enn.* This scrambling Rauens, with his needy Beard,  
Will I whet on to write a Comedy,  
Wherein shall be compos'd darke sentences,  
Pleasing to factious braines:  
And euery ether where, place me a iest,  
Whose high abuse, shall more torment, then blowes:  
Then I my selfe (quicker then Lightning)  
Will flie me to the puissant Magistrate,  
And waighting with a Trencher at his backe,  
In midst of iollity, rehearse those gaules,  
(With some additions) so lately vented in your Theatour:  
He vpon this, cannot but make complaint



*The Comedy*

To your great danger, or at least, restrain.

*Com.* Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly,

This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,

Especially desertfull in their doings,

Whose staid discreiton, rules their purposes.

And my faction, do eschew those vices:

But see, O see, the weaui Sunne for rest,

Hath lost his golden compasse to the West,

Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,

As *Dauid's* Off-spring, in his happy Climie.

So oope *Ennie* slooppe, bow to the earth with mee,

Lets begge our Pardon's on our bended knees. *They kneele.*

*Enn.* My power has lost her might, *Ennies* date's expired,

And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

*Com.* Glorious and wise Arch *Cesar* on this earth,

At whose appearance, *Ennie's* stroken dumbe,

And all bad things, cease operation:

Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling error,

So late presented to your gracious view,

And wee'll endeavour with excesss of paine,

To please your senses in a choyser straine.

Therfore we commit you to the Armes of Night,

Whose spangled carkasse, would for your delight,

Striue to excell the Day: be blessed then.

Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.

*Enn.* Amen.

To Fame and Honour, we commend your selfe:

Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

*FINIS.*



